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MARCH 7, 1883.

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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

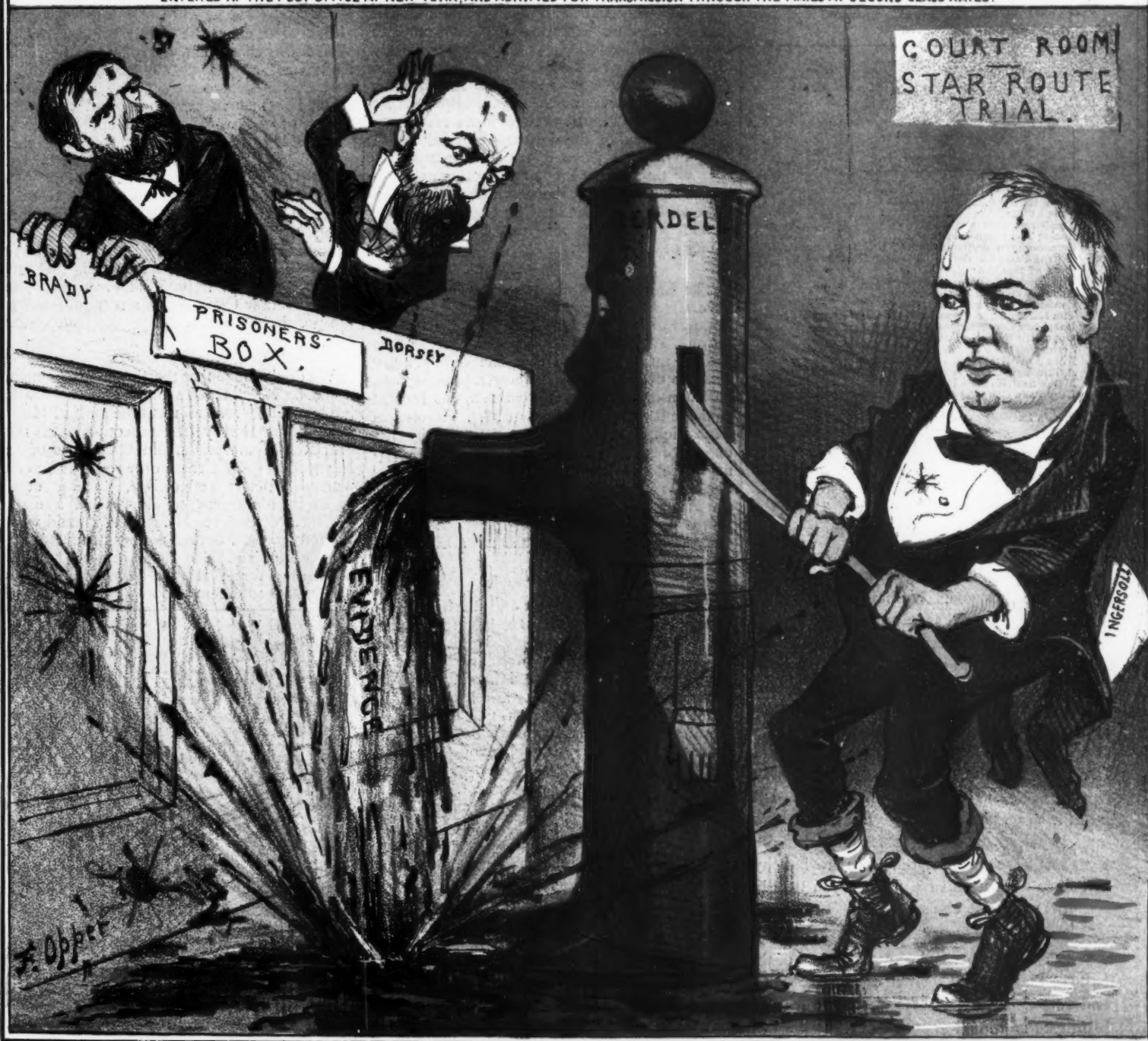
Suck

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THE HARDER HE PUMPS, THE DIRTIER HIS CASE GETS.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one hundred and fifty times more.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

VOLUME XIII.



Six years, gentle reader!

It is six years since we first had the pleasure of addressing you. We hope you are all as well as we are, thank you. We feel comfortable and quiet and old and patriarchal. We feel that we have gathered about us a large and numerous increasing family. We feel that everybody is our friend, with the exception of a few benighted people who are our enemies. And as to these last, we do not much concern ourselves. We shall either bring them over into the sweet confines of affection, or else we shall knock them out in a few rounds more. For though we are patriarchal, we are healthy, and when we patronize a funeral, you may be sure it is some one else's.

It is pleasant to sit down and think of the past six years, for all their struggles and battles and defeats of various sorts—pleasant, because it brings to our soul the sweet assurance that the reason that we are here is a reason for our

being here six years hence. We are here because we had and have a policy—the policy of independence. Not funny paragraphs nor funny pictures alone make a paper. The mountebanks of comic journalism have rushed into the ring, gone through their antics, disappeared and been forgotten since Puck began his work. For behind Puck was a policy. Puck was not merely a flaming circus poster of humor. It was a paper, with a head and a heart to it. And that head and heart, having lasted six years already, hope to be at the world's service for many another six-years' span.

The next car! and the next car! and always the next car to Reform. But the next car never comes. Every car of the Republican line has gone past the patient folk who wait to be carried to Reformville, and now it seems but a hollow mockery of their exceeding "leftness"—no, there's no better word, if it is slang—when the jeering conductor jerks his thumb over his shoulder and cries "Next car!" and looking up the track they see that the next car is that wretched little bob-tail vehicle of the Democratic line. Reform! What reform is to be expected from the typical conservative party of the country? The road that starts from Bourbon County does not end in Reformville, be sure. Whatever be the sign it displays, that car is likely to run, before long, on a track parallel with that of the Republican line. With daily increasing force it is borne in upon us that the time is ripe for the projecting and laying of a new line, about whose destination there shall be no doubt. And when that line is laid, you may be sure that Puck will take plenty of stock in it.

The Empire on which the sun never sets has generally enough going on over the area of its vastness to keep its politics in fairly lively condition. The old lady who lived in a shoe, who had so many children that she didn't know what to do, is perhaps scarcely a parallel case, although our artist, in his cartoon, has seen fit to make it so. It is true that Mrs. Victoria, of Brunswick, is the person who nominally has charge of the British Empire; but she has really no voice in directing its policy. The only occasions on which she raises her voice are when the Prime Minister writes a speech for her to repeat like a parrot in the presence of her lords and some commons, and she asks for that fat salary check.

But, although this august and illustrious lady doesn't do any ruling, and couldn't if she would, her ministers, aided by Parliament and the army and navy, do a great deal of it, and not always with marked success, because there are so many varied interests to conciliate and look after. If a victory was scored in Egypt, new troubles are looming up in India. Canada has frequently more to say than is reasonably expected of her, and neither Cetewayo nor the Boers are altogether satisfied with their treatment. Then Ireland is keeping the British Government busily employed. To read of the proceedings of Parliament in London, one might easily be led to think that Ireland alone constituted the British Empire. And many Irishmen are not unwilling that the world should rest in this belief.

The Albany Legislature, if it has any spirit, will this evening read Mr. Governor Cleveland a severe lesson, and pass the Five-Cent Fare Bill over his veto. The people of this State have shown very distinctly, through their representatives, that they will not pay more than five cents for the privilege of traveling on the "L" roads.

What the people have given, the people can take away—and never did the people have better reason for revoking the charters granted to these companies. It is not a question of breaking faith with corporations, for the corporations have broken faith with the public in every possible way.

Ten cents, we will admit, is not too much for being carried in a comfortable car from the Battery to Harlem. The companies had a right to charge ten cents over the whole route until such time as it could be shown that the companies were earning ten per cent on their capital stock. Now, it is notorious that the "L" roads have been earning many times over ten per cent on the actual capital stock—that is to say, the net cost of the structures; the money actually expended in building and equipping them. But the wily directors and financiers have so mixed things up that it would puzzle the traditional Philadelphia lawyer to know to whom the roads do belong. With copiously watered stock, construction companies, improvement companies, and first and second mortgage bonds, there is indeed a glorious state of muddle.

But what cares the public for the tricks of Wall Street sharks and the schemes of grasping monopolists? The public has carried out its part of the contract by giving capitalists the use of its streets in perpetuity, and the opportunity of making a magnificent investment. The "L" road original capitalist makes more than his ten per cent, and then refuses to make the stipulated concession to the public. Governor Cleveland has allowed himself to be influenced by the Bankers' Protest—as if anything else was to be expected from bankers who probably hold millions of the watered stock. Mr. Cleveland has made his first great mistake. It is a mistake sufficient to indicate that Governor Cleveland is a man unfitted for the position to which the people have elected him.

We don't know that the public will gain very much by Mr. Rerdell's interesting disclosures. No one doubts for a moment the guilt of Messrs. Brady and Dorsey in connection with their Star Route enterprises, and the efforts of Mr. Ingersoll to defend them only make their cases worse—if that were possible. The great agonist, in his desire to show what a choice specimen of perjurer Mr. Rerdell is, and white-winged angels his clients are, completely defeats his object. He helps only to bespatter more mud and dirt over those whom he has undertaken to defend.



PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is now in its third edition. Next week it will be in its fourth edition; the week after that it will be in its fifth edition. This is the natural result of getting out a book that the people want; and we do not intend to apologize for our success. We are modest, and we blush. We cannot help it; the blood rushes to our head before we know it. That is the reason we blush. PUCK'S ANNUAL has become one of the institutions of America, and we fearlessly proclaim it. It is often painful to have to tell the truth; but, knowing as we do that truth is mighty, we have no objections to its prevailing. Suffice it to say that

Samuel J. Tilden cries for it,
Susan B. Anthony sighs for it,
Vanderbilt makes stocks rise for it,
Benjamin Farandole Butler flies for it,
Robert J. Burdette guys for it,
And for translating into Greek George Riddel received the first prize for it.

For further information about this hilarious volume, call on any virtuous news-dealer, and he will make you happy for

Twenty-five cents.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

When the poet begins to burble—
 When the youth tries to hock his club-skates—
 When the strawberry mistakes itself for a millionaire—
 When a livelier iris changes on the toper's burnished nose—
 When the goat has his portrait taken for the bock-beer poster—
 When the chest-protector begins to look jealous of the fan—
 When the premature small boy begins to hunt for the new birch-bark—
 When the moths have finished their revel in last season's bathing-suit—
 When the dog looks sadly at the tin can thawing out of the snow-drift—
 When the Street-Cleaning Commissioners smile on the March rains—
 When the small darkey looks yearningly on the yet-unfruitful melon-patch—
 When the mosquito sits in the solitude of the Jersey marsh and sharpens his file—
 When the young man's lunacy lightly turns to thoughts of flats and an engagement—
 When the seedsman gets out a chromo catalogue and sells onions for imported bulbs—
 When the professional versifier begins to build his autumn poems for the magazines—
 When the fond mother mixes the nastiest medicine any old woman can tell her of to clear her son's blood—
 When the comic paper that was started in January announces that it will suspend publication during the summer—

When the undertaker circulates newspaper items about the unhealthfulness of wearing heavy flannels too late in the year—
 When the tailor and "general gents' outfitter" sends out circulars inviting attention to his new "line" of "suitings"—
 When the young man with the ten-dollar-a-week income wonders if he can go to the same watering-place with his \$100,000 girl—
 When the star tragedian arrives in Union Square after a perilous pedestrian tour from the uttermost confines of the Western circuit—
 When the fashionable pastor begins to develop an interesting cough and to hint that the air of Europe is good for incipient consumption—
 When the boarding-house furnace gets mysteriously out of order, and the boarding-house-keeper saves enough gas to take a cottage at Long Branch for the summer—
 When the old hen is slaughtered with a guillotine and steamed and passed through a rolling-mill and soaked in vaseline and served in restaurants as spring-chicken—
 When the magazine-writer hunts up the old story that he wrote in his sophomore year, and dusts it off, and erases the marks of thirty-seven different rejections, and sends it to *Our Continent*, of Philadelphia—
 And
 When the skunk-cabbage lures the maiden in search of Jack-in-the-pulpit over about a mile of swamp, and when she discovers that the object of her attention is only a symplocarpus foetidus, a perennial, aquatic, acaulescent herb, of the order of lemnaceæ, and says: "Oh, my gracious!"

Puckerings.

AT PRESENT, the British Government is looking out for "Number One." [Anticipated from next week's London *Punch*.]

THE WAY of the transgressor may be hard, but many a bank president lives luxuriously in jail, surrounded by wine and rare exotic flowers.

THE BLUEBIRD, the bluebird,
 Is singing in the tree;
 And on Broadway the spring-suit
 Upon a frame we see.

MARCH CAME in like a lamb; but, all the same, there will be no reduction by restaurants in the price of spring-lamb and mint-sauce, which will still remain at seventy-five cents.

INSECT-SHOOTING is the fashionable sport in England. This is as it should be. The effete monarchy is copying the customs of our own dear republic. This new British "fad" has been a favorite amusement in New Jersey hotels for many years.

IT IS said that if you count a hundred slowly, when anything happens to disturb you, you will not swear. This is probably the reason that most men count a hundred slowly when they slip on a banana-skin and are about to blend with the sidewalk.

THE MOON, last week, took it into her head to pass directly over the bright star, Beta Scorpii, at 4 A. M., and we will venture to say that not a private watchman or policeman knew anything about it until he saw it in the papers the next morning.

WE CONGRATULATE Mr. Ravoninahitriniarivo on his arrival, and hope that he left Mrs. Ravoninahitriniarivo and all the little Ravoninahitriniarivos quite well in Madagascar, and that they will be able to learn to spell their names before many æons have elapsed.

NATHAN D. URNER has a poem in the New York *Ledger* called "Love's Belief." It is a sweet poem, but does not agree with the impression of the average man, who is of the opinion that love's belief is the belief of the average woman that she will be taken to the opera as frequently after as before marriage.

THE REV. DR. SPENCE, President of Wesleyan "University," of the Methodist mine "enterprise," was charitably anxious that his brother clergymen should come in "on the ground floor." Now some of his brother clergymen wouldn't be sorry if they saw the Rev. Dr. Spence go somewhere usually located considerably below the basement.

THE THRONE which is to be used at the Czar's coronation is to cost £2,000. It will be of black oak, richly carved in antique Slavonic patterns, with a canopy supported by columns ten feet high and ornamented with imperial eagles, and with a scroll-work bearing the coats-of-arms of the fifty-six governments of Russia. The chairs for the Emperor and Empress will be placed on a dais hung with crimson velvet richly trimmed with gold.—*London Truth*.

This sounds very nice, and leads us to consider it proper to describe the coffin which will be used after the Czar's coronation. It will be made of bird's-eye rosewood in the Queen Anne style, with silver-plated handles, and a glass-bosom bay window showing the tuberoses and court-plaster. An irreverent member of the staff says all the coffin the Czar will need after his coronation will be a bucket about large enough to hold a pint of beer.

POOR PAT'S PERSECUTORS.



THE IRISH LEECHES AND THEIR VICTIM.

ROBESON'S LEGACY.



SECRETARY CHANDLER:—"IT ISN'T MUCH OF A FIT JUST NOW, BUT I'M IMPROVING RAPIDLY, AND SHALL SOON FILL THE BILL."

ON THE FERRY.

A CASUAL CONVERSATION, AND A CARD.

As the ferry-boat started for New York from Brooklyn, the other morning, a man dressed in the height of fashion stepped up to another in the same condition, and said:

"May I trouble you for a light, sir?"

"Certainly," replied the other gentleman very politely, extending a freshly-lighted cigar.

The first speaker lighted his cigar with great care, and gave several preliminary puffs to satisfy himself that it would not go out. Then he said:

"Thank you, sir."

The man who had furnished the light satisfied him in two seconds that he was welcome, and that he must not go through life ballasted with the impression that he was under any obligations whatever. Then he attempted to open his morning paper to read the news. Before he could do this, however, the man who had asked for a light, probably actuated by motives of pure gratitude, stepped up and said:

"John Kelly will be our next President—the country wants a change."

"And the country *will* get a change if it elects John Kelly," responded the man with the morning paper.

The man who had received the light felt a little bit crestfallen at having struck the other on the wrong political side; but he rallied and went on:

"We are going to have a very early spring. Everything betokens it. The papers are already speaking of the summer-resorts and prices to be charged next season. We shall have a very hot summer—"

"Is your name Wiggins?" broke in the man who had given the light.

"No, sir; my name is not Wiggins."

"De Voe?"

"No, sir."

"Then perhaps you are Vennor?"

"Wrong again; I am neither Wiggins, De Voe nor Vennor, whose predictions are the best jokes that appear in the almanacs they print."

There was a pause of several seconds, after which the man who had received the light thought he would freight his chance acquaintance with some information which would enable him to make money and be happy. So he said:

"Now is the time to sell Denver and Rio Grande short, and to buy puts on Western Union, as there is bound to be a bear market before long. Prices will go very much lower."

He paused to note the effect of his outburst of gratuitous information, and was somewhat surprised to see it fall flat. But he didn't give up in despair. He plunged fearlessly in, and said:

"The crops are going to be a great success next year, and we shall export about six hundred thousand millions of bushels of wheat. I tell you, the country is in a prosperous condition, and nothing short of a war or the election of a Prohibitionist could break up our assured prospects of national harmony."

"That's certainly good news," replied the man who had given the light: "but what makes the river so full of ice?"

"You see," replied the other: "the ice freezes, up the river, and as spring sets in it melts and comes floating down. This impedes the progress of the ferry-boats, and furnishes the clerk who has overslept himself with a splendid excuse for being late at his place of business. The ice-men are going to make lots of money next summer."

"They generally do."

"I know that; but this winter has been so mild that they can reasonably chant the ice-famine litany to their customers, and charge higher rates for the great stock of ice held over from last year. That is the way they will do it."

"That is a good way," replied the man who had extended the light.

"My friend, the Tycoon of Japan is coming over here next season to play the leading Shakspearean rôles, supported by an English company. He is going to change off his Pekin engagement with Mary Anderson, who will go to Pekin and be supported by a Japanese company."

The man who had given the light simply said he was not interested in theatricals.

"But the duty on olive oil is to be reduced in May."

"I never use olive oil."

"The Weather Bureau is going to have a signal-station on the Elevated Road."

"I don't care if they have one on top of the City Hall."

"The next Congress is going to be strictly honest."

"I don't know anything about politics; I never vote."

"Next summer you will be able to buy skates very cheap, as there will be no skating next winter. Seal-skin sacques will also be cheap. Do you know winter is the time to buy a bathing-suit or a straw hat?"

"I never knew that."

"Then I will tell you why undertakers never have wooden legs."

"I don't want to know!"

"I will tell you the best way to carve a boarding-house spring-chicken. First, you drill a hole in the chicken and insert a little dynamite, and—"

"I never eat chicken," responded the man with the morning paper.

"The 'L' roads are going to reduce the fare to five cents."

"Don't care if they reduce it to nothing. I live in Brooklyn, and have my coupé awaiting me at the ferry every night."

"Pork and beans keep off—"

"A dog?" broke in the man who had given a light.

They glared at each other for a moment, when the man who had asked for a light said:

"As soon as the weather gets a little milder, they are going to break ground for St. Mark's Home for Aged Politicians; such, for instance, as Conkling, Platt, Tilden, Hayes and others."

"I would rather see them break the politicians than the ground, if they would only break them with an axe."

And then the boat moved slowly into the slip; and the dispenser of valuable information, seeing he hadn't time to say anything more, thrust his card into the other man's hand and asked him to call.

The man who had given the light mixed in the crowd; and that afternoon, after he had almost forgotten the occurrence, he accidentally pulled from his pocket the card handed him on the ferry-boat, and read with some astonishment:

Gottlieb Guthlook, Prop. Established 1868.

"THE FAVORITE"

Shaving & Hair Dressing Saloon,

No. 40 BRAGDON PLACE,
NEW YORK.

RAZORS HONED AND PUT IN ORDER.

INFORMATION ON ALL SUBJECTS CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

APPRECIATION.

NEW YORK, March 6th, 1883.
To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I am a left-handed man. As the class of left-handed men in this country is very large, I wish, in their behalf, to thank Puck (who ably represents all classes of people in his cartoons) for at least giving us a place in your paper.

In your double-page cartoon of last week you have given the honor to the "left-handers" of throwing sweet-scented missiles at the "Poor Show" which you have so well represented.

The honor is highly appreciated by myself and other "lefters," for the action in which they are participating is one in which all patriotic men should be interested, both right-handers and left-handers; but as you have given *all* the honors to the latter, it is but an effort to show our appreciation of your regard of the class in the community which figures so seldom in the literary and pictorial papers that induces me to intrude upon your valuable time.

Yours patriotically,
LEFT-HANDER.
[Not "Left."]

CAST THY bread upon the waters, and it will spoil the fishing for a week.

THE SILVER KING — The one you draw when you have three others already.

JULIUS CÆSAR was a dictator, but he never rose to the dignity of being a ward politician.

THE AVERAGE servant-girl doesn't believe in pouring oil on the troubled waters; she'd rather pour it on the troubled fire.

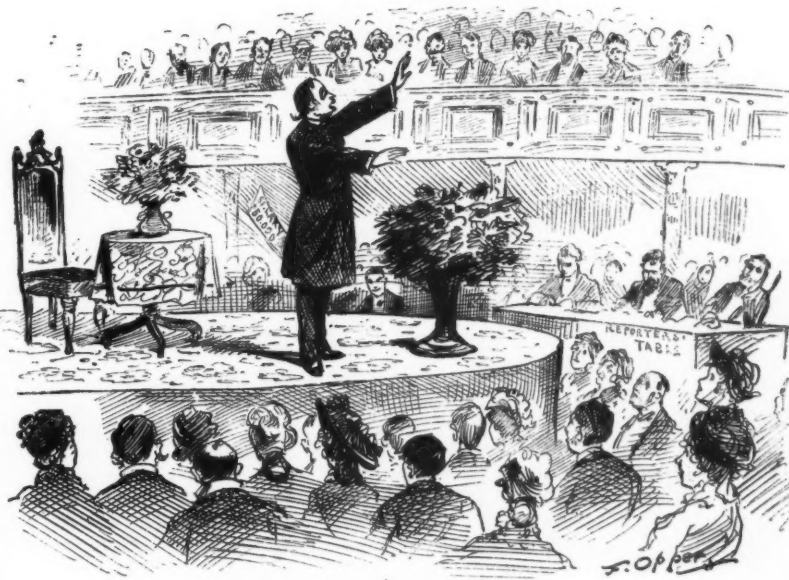
It is stated that the Easter bonnet will be made of gauze. Now, won't some one come out with a high hat made of mosquito-netting, for the benefit of bald-headed New Jerseyites?

"THE WARRIOR frowned and pressed his temples gray," sings John Vance Cheney in *The Century*; but John Vance Cheney does not tell us why the warrior frowned and pressed his temples gray, and we are forced to conjecture that it was all owing to the fact that the warrior had been out all night at a ball, was feeling a little bit under the weather, and hadn't money enough left to purchase a matutinal cocktail. Or perhaps he was out of hair-dye.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THEN.



THE FREETHINKER OF OLDEN TIMES.



THE FREETHINKER OF TO-DAY.

DOWN THE SWITCHBACK.

Side by side we rode together,
On a clear October day,
While the mountains, crimson-crested,
Kept a royal holiday.
Down the Switchback from Mount Pisgah
We went speeding o'er the hills,
With the golden sunlight flashing
From the rippling mountain rills.
But the flashing and the glinting,
And the blue of autumn skies,
Were but frosty in their beauty
To the summer of her eyes.
Side by side we rode together,
And I did not dare to wait,
For she was seventeen, and I
Was turned of forty-eight.

So I whispered to her: "Darling,
Let us travel, side by side,
Down the grade of Life's long Switchback,
To the shoreless ocean's tide."
But she looked away far over
All the hills that lay between,
To the distant, dim horizon,
And her eyes were *too* serene,
As she said: "I like October,
With its splendors of decay,
But I like the summer better,
And the warm, sweet air of May."
Thus we traveled down the Switchback,
Thus I trifled with my fate;
For she was seventeen, and I
Was turned of forty-eight.

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

FREE LUNCH.

WHAT IS the use of saying: "The deuce take it"? The deuce can't take anything, except when it is a trump.

NOW DOth the moth
Get at the cloth,
And without fail
Goes meandering through your
swallow-tail.

THE PROFESSIONAL base-ball player will begin business in a few weeks, and will be prepared to sell matches even more cheaply than last season.

CYNTHIA, YOU are wrong in supposing that the Brooklyn Bridge is a suspension bridge; it is an intention bridge. The intention is to have it finished—some day.

MRS. LANGTRY talks of buying a house in New York and remaining in America. And Oscar Wilde is coming back next season. The millennium is a long way off.

THE HONEYCOMB
Is a funny comb
To use upon the hair;
And gunny-bags
Are funny bags
For English swells to wear.

Now is the time to have those loose, baggy trousers, which you bought a year ago and can't wear out, taken in. When the fashions change again, you can get them out—if you have the cash.

IF A young man hires a cheap flat, and lives in it in a cheap way, every eligible mother-in-law in the land thinks he is in more of a position to be married than the young man who has an income of ten thousand a year.

NO, JOSEPH, the New York Steam-Heating Company was not formed for the purpose of heating steam. Steam is heated before it is made—that is to say, when you heat the steam—no, when you make the steam—no—well, confound you, don't you know that steam is hot, anyway, and doesn't have to be heated by a company?

It is a sad moment when a dear and cherished illusion is suddenly dissipated, and when the roseate sky of anticipation is darkened with gloomy clouds of disappointment. This is what occurs to the old hen who has a bad reputation for trampling on her nest when she finds that she has been sedulously sitting, for three weeks, on a choice collection of door-knobs.

THE TOWN TERRIER.



While breakfasting with William B. Astor in a Baxter Street restaurant, the other day, Mrs. Langtry entered, leaning on the arm of the Nebraska Giant. The Jersey Lily shook me heartily by the hand, and told me that she was busily engaged in studying the part of *Hamlet*, and was going to play it at Tony Pastor's Theatre, supported by Dr. Mary Walker and Susan B. Anthony. I wished her success in her new enterprise, and undertook to get her good notices in the newspapers.

I stepped into the billiard-room of David Davis, yesterday, in Washington, to read him a new poem on the Atomic theory. It is a little thing of my own, in four hundred folios.

"I don't care for literature," said Dave: "but, seeing it's you, I'll listen."

"Never mind, Davy, my boy," murmured I, good-humoredly: "I'll play you a game of pin-pool for the drinks instead."

There is a great deal of talk among my friends in the highest circles of the "upper ten" about Mayor Edson's still continuing to drive a Fifth Avenue stage daily for a living, notwithstanding the exalted position he holds in the community. The Knickerbocker element consider the practice beneath the Mayor's dignity, and John Kelly assured me, when I supped with him, the other night, that he couldn't stand it any longer, and if Mr. Edson wouldn't abandon the business, he would at once reduce him to the position of dog-catcher.

People are bitterly complaining of the prevalence of bad whiskey. Let me recommend Timotheus Doolan's "Green Grass Bourbon."

His saloon is at the corner of Two-Hundred-and-Forty-Ninth Street and Avenue K. Tim Doolan is a nice fellow. I have often taken clams with him at Coney Island.

I dropped into Rideau Hall, Ottawa, and chatted with the Marquis of Lorne, last Wednesday morning.

"John," said I: "how does the absence of Louise affect you?"

"Dear boy," he responded: "I do not suffer much; but I wish you'd come and stay with me for a month or two. I have an important matter to discuss with you. I am thinking of becoming a citizen of the United States, provided Congress will pass a bill rendering me eligible for election as President."

I answered that I would use my influence in forwarding his views, but had no time to pay him a visit.

One of the Patriarchs asked me if I would have any objection to take charge of their balls in future. I said:

"Not in the least."

This accounts for my extraordinary popularity among the Knickerbocker belles of New York, and my having received forty-seven offers of marriage within the last three days.

When I summered last year at the North Pole, I became very intimate with the Duke of Westminster and Governor Ben Butler. We played poker together, hunted Polar bears, stalked for whales, and ate unlimited quantities of ice-cream. Afterward, when I got to London, the Duke only asked me to dinner on twenty-five occasions. Governor Butler thought this a slight, and has since refused to hold any communication with His Grace. I mention these facts that my friends may see how dangerous a thing it is to be intimate with dukes.

Mrs. Squashmeyer Van Dunk, the lovely and accomplished matron of Fifth Avenue, called me into her *loge*, the other evening, at Harry Hill's Temple of the Drama.

"Oh! Mr. Terrier, I am going to give an extremely *recherché petit souper* to Nilsson and Billy Birch, and I should like you to help me open the oysters."

I cheerfully consented.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA:

No. CCLXXI.

CONGRESS.



Ya-as, my wife and severwal othah people who pwofess to take some interest in me have aw pointed out that the Amerwican Parliament—called he-ah Congwess—is about being dissolved. This arwangement diffahs verwy materially fwom our

style of conducting legislative mattahs—I mean in Gweat Bwитай, ye know.

When a ministwy gets defeated by an adverse majorwity, it is customarwy faw the Pwemier to wecommand the aw Queen to send faw the leadah of the Opposition, that he may be instructed to form a cabinet, and then, if he is unable to do so, a pwoclamation is issued dissolving Parliament. Then there is a generwal election, and aftahward a new ministwy comes into powah, if the old one has not enough supportahs to enable it to pass its measures.

There is nothing of the sort he-ah. The people look surprised if you wufer to a cabinet ministah. There are Secwetarywies of State faw differwent departments, who are apparwently me-ah wegisterwing clerks faw the Pwesident and the acts of the aw Congwess. It doesn't, ye know, make the slightest differwence if a bill is thwown out or not by a couple of hundwed majorwity, or what policy or pwinciple it wepwesents, the cabinet still stick, and, of course, weceive their salarwies as if nothing had happened. But, nevahtheless, I believe it is usual only faw these fellahs to wemain in office faw a certain time, and wetire when the Pwesident wetires.

Now the pwesent Congwess is got wid of, and the new Congwess, which has been faw severwal months alwady elected, will meet at the pwopah wegulation time, and will pwobably undo a pwodigious amount of inferwi-ah and corwupt legislation which has been perpetwated durwing the expirwng hours of the session. It does seem quite too awfully odd that the cweachahs who will have the pwivilege of making laws faw the next two or thwree ye-ahs have been obliged to endure the wetched ways of the men who have just been sent to the wight about, in the wegulah ordah of things, because it is according to the wules.

Faw my part—and my wife fully agwees with me—I don't see why men who are elected and are supposed to wepwesent the people should not be allowed to begin their aw work at once, and turn the pweceding blunderwahs out befaw they have time to do any maw mischief. Without this pwovision, I don't see the use of wepwesentative institutions. It is weally absolutely devilishly stupid. He-ah have been a parcel of fellahs doing what is vulgahly called tinkering with the aw tarwiff, without the wemotest idea of one single alterwation or pwovision of the thing being carwied. And yet the newly-elected men, who are supposed to know what people wequire, are not allowed to make a single wemark, by way of pwotest, that would do any good.

I'm afwaid I shall nevah be able to wecovah fwom my surpris at finding these humorwous feachahs of the Amerwican wepublican style of government, don't ye know, aw.

THE *Manhattan Magazine* asks: "What is a perfect poem?" It is one for which you can get fifty dollars.

ASKING TOO MUCH.



PRESIDENT OF ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. (to Nava! Officer): "WHAT! INSURE YOU? NOT MUCH! WE TAKE NO RISKS ON THE AMERICAN NAVY."

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



The transportation of "Her Atonement" to Brooklyn has taken place. Mr. Anson Pond's play may be seen any night, at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, in all its panoply of war and with its blood-curdling plot. The most refinedly amusing dramatic representation now running in New York is the comedy of "Seven-twenty-eight; or, Casting the Boomerang," at DALY'S THEATRE. The piece is extremely provocative of laughter, and does great credit to Mr. Daly's powers of adaptation of a German play to make it suitable to American audiences. Mr. James Lewis is irresistibly funny; Miss Ada Rehan revels in a part well suited to her talents; Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. John Drew and Mr. William Gilbert are inimitably droll. Mr. Leclercq does not, apparently, seize the humor of the part of *The Professor*. "Seven-twenty-eight" will have no difficulty in holding the stage for as long a time as Mr. Daly sees fit to keep it on.

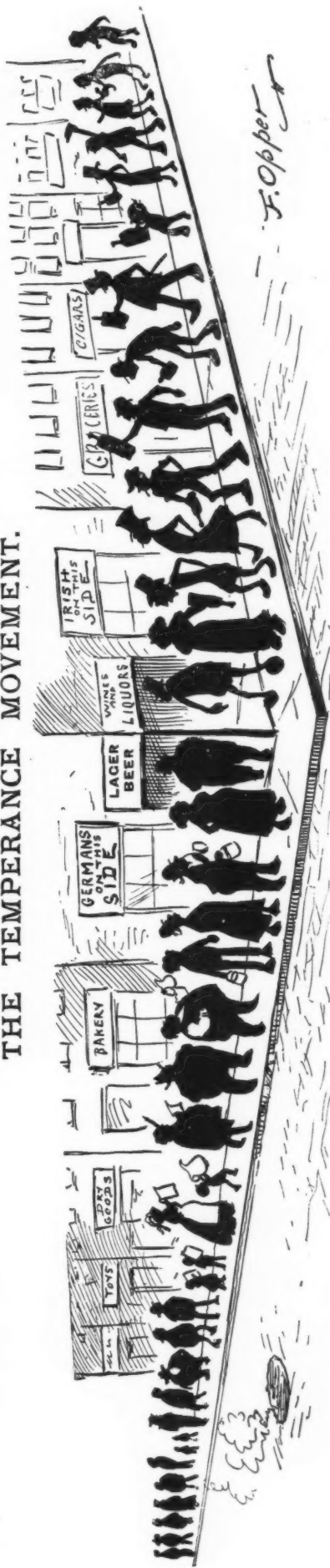
Last Monday was another souvenir night at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, being the one-hundred-and-fiftieth performance of "Young Mrs. Winthrop." At the one-thousandth representation everybody in the audience is to receive a receipted bill for a year's plumbing, and a United States thousand-dollar bond. At KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL there is no falling-off in the attractions, which include Marie Vanoni and the Caron Brothers, Miss Lizzie Sims, and a grand quadrille des pomiers de Nauterre. That "McSorley's Inflation," at Harrigan & Hart's THEATRE COMIQUE, has now been running for four months is a stubborn fact.

Those who want to know how Nihilism works in Russia, should take seats—not back seats—at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. There they will gaze on, and drink in, the beauteous sensationalism of Mr. Bartley Campbell's latest achievement in play-writing, "Siberia." Oh! it will draw—it will draw very much for the same reason that crowds flock to witness Fourth of July displays of fire-works; but the piece is a little too gory for our quiet tastes. Handsome and picturesque costumes, bright scenery and a good company are the impressions left on one's mind by "Micaela," at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE. Mr. George Sweet wins instant recognition as an excellent artist. He sings with taste and acts well. The methods of the authors of the libretto and the plot are not such as would commend themselves to directors of well-regulated Sunday-schools, but these are almost forgotten in the brilliant choruses and the rapid action; besides, Mons. Lecocq does not write music with Sunday-schools in view. There is an orchestra of thirty-five musicians, a chorus of sixty voices, a Hungarian ballet; and, although one can't help feeling that something very much of the same kind has been seen and heard before, "Micaela" deserves a large measure of success.

The only remarks we have to offer with regard to the CASINO are that "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" still waves from the stage of that gorgeous establishment. The familiar and original, but not entirely busted-up border drama, will blossom again in all its pristine beauty at Williamsburgh, March 5th, with Mr. Harry Meredith in "Ranch 10." "Old Shipmates," at the COSMOPOLITAN, is a vehicle for Mr. Frank Mordaunt to exhibit his abilities as an actor. Besides, the play is an interesting one. Mr. Frank Mayo, in "The Streets of New York," at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, has been succeeded by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, in "Richelieu," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," and "Yorick's Love," which is to be seen to-night.

"Monte Cristo," with Mr. James O'Neill as *Monte*, meanders gorgeously along at BOOTH'S THEATRE. "The Dime Novel" is a new musical comedy, by Mr. A. C. Gunter, in a melodious setting of Mr. Jesse Williams's manufacture. "Iolanthe" is now at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, played by a new company; Augusta Roche taking her original part of the *Queen*. Mr. Dixey is the *Lord Chancellor*, and Marie Jansen *Iolanthe*. Speech is silvery, especially the speeches in "The Silver King," at WALLACK'S, and the metal is being rapidly transmuted into gold.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.



IF THE LAW FORBIDS MORE THAN ONE SALOON ON A BLOCK, SOME SUCH PLAN AS THIS WILL HAVE TO BE ADOPTED.

Answers for the Anxious.

POOR articles PUCK has always rejected,
When shekels *ad lib.* were fully expected
By writers thereof, who become quite dejected
And sink to oblivion with brains disconnected.

P. B. G.

V. T. S.—Thanks.

BUNDESRATH.—Take yourself out for a picnic.

HASELTINE.—Her Easter bonnet is up to the third story already.

C. A. ARTHUR.—It isn't very funny. Keep it yourself and use it in your next veto message.

H. C. S.—Not quite—almost, though. It smelleth of college and treateth of beer, and the combination outweigheth the inspiration.

G. G.—"Who is Leatherstocking?" Why, thought you knew. Leatherstocking is a character in a play called "The Pirate of Podophyllin," written by Aristophanes, in collaboration with Eugene Scribe. The character is said to be drawn from life; the original being a famous negro minstrel and corn-doctor of Etruria. These are little pieces of information that no gentleman should be without.

F. H. H.—As a general thing, we plant poets who parody "In the Spring;" but you have got an airy style of variation which secures your pardon. Indeed, we should brave public opinion and print it if it were not that a part of your humorous lay-out is apparently calculated for the latitude of Nebraska. It wouldn't be appreciated here. Send to some general dealer, in Cincinnati, perhaps, or Cleveland, for $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of refinement, sprinkle it over your next production, and let us see the result.

AND NOW, while it is almost summery enough to induce the average Englishman to leave his umbrella at home, do we see the dry-goods clerk walking along Broadway with a white necktie on.

IT IS NOW, as the gentlest indications of spring greet us at every turn, that the hen that was hatched out the year before last is wandering around filled with unrighteous fears, lest peradventure she may be rudely yanked from the ground by her limbs, and have her head chopped off, and then be taken to a hotel, and sold for a dollar and a quarter as a spring-chicken.

"ARCHITECTURE," SAYS Madame de Staël: "is frozen music." Now, if Vanderbilt's Fifth Avenue palace should melt, we suppose that part of the town would be so full of "Captain Jinks" and "There's a Letter in the Candle" and "Baby Mine," that all his neighbors would be obliged to move away. If Madame de Staël is correct, we suppose the White House and Tammany Hall are made of political campaign songs, and it is pleasant to reflect that they are so solidly frozen that they can't possibly annoy the American people and drive them out of the country to Europe or New Jersey.

CONFIDENTIAL.



Dear Reader, do not give it away, but this is the (Democracy's) "Number One"—only he is not wanted, just at present.



"TAKE THINEXT



THE NEXT CAR!"

THE LAMB ON THE "STREET."

No. VI.

Wall Street, March 1st, 1883.



I am still a bear; and so I am likely to remain for many a month to come. And yet I doubt if I am entitled to give myself such a name. A bear—at least so I am told on the "Street"—is an operator in stocks, who exhibits his bearish proclivities by active work in depressing things. Now,

although I am an ex-lamb, there is no active work about me. I scarcely watch the market. I simply do nothing. But, if I am not a bear in action, I am in every other way.

I know perfectly well that the country is not going to rack and ruin, that its resources are enormous, and that prosperity is bound to come, sooner or later; but I don't see that there is very much of it on hand or at all available just now.

There have been devastating floods, loss of property, bad business, shrinkage in values, and, above all, too much railroad-building. But if I go on much longer in this strain, my friends will never look upon me again as an innocent lamb. They will begin to think that I know as much as a defaulting cashier of a bank or insurance company. But I don't; not by a very considerable majority. I know only that almost everything on the list must go downhill like a coasting-sled at an angle of forty-five degrees on six inches of ice. And it won't be easy work getting that sled up again, previous to making another start.

It is unfortunate that the good things should be dragged down with the bad; but this is always the result of being in bad company. Indeed, even as an aggressive and pronounced bear, it is scarcely safe to touch anything. This is why Mr. Jay Gould is going to take a trip round the world in his new yacht until the storm blows over—for it must come. It may not be as severe as Wiggins's tempest, but it will be pretty breezy while it lasts. And I shall feel so safe, because I have been so prudent—more prudent than might be expected from a once gentle, tender, unsophisticated lamb. And I can pity the poor public who have not been lucky; not that they can suffer much now, because they have already suffered; but still I pity them for their disappointment.

I wish I could look ahead three months, and then read the quotations of Denver & Rio Grande, Erie, Northern Pacific, Western Union, Wabash, Reading, New York Central, Kansas & Texas, and at least a dozen others. There are certainly surprises in store for somebody; perhaps even for

BALAAM BOPEEP.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

I.

BETWEEN MR. PETTINGILL, of SKENEATELES, N. Y.; A SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER, AND MR. ANDREWS, of SCHENECTADY, WHO USED TO PASS HIS VACATIONS IN SKENEATELES.

1.

At the Corner of Broadway and 30th Street.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—Why, how are you, Wilkinson?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—I beg your pardon, sir; you have the advantage of me.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—Why, bless my soul! I can't be mistaken. Ain't you Mr. Wilkinson, of Amherst, Massachusetts?

OUT OF HIS REACH.



PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.—[New Version.]

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—No, sir; you are in error. I am Mr. Pettingill, of Skeneateles, Yew York.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir. The likeness is something remarkable. Are you sure you are not connected with the Wilkinson family, of Amherst?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—No, sir. My family has lived in Skeneateles, in the brick house below the bridge, for seventy years, and my Uncle is Paying Teller in the Bank.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—Very stupid of me, I'm sure. I beg your pardon.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Don't mention it, sir.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—Pray excuse me! Good-morning! [Catches a car going down.]

2.

At the Corner of Broadway and 25th Street.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Why, hullo, Pettingill, how are you?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—I beg your pardon, sir, you have the advantage of me.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Ain't you Mr. Pettingill, of Skeneateles—Teller Pettingill's nephew?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Certainly, sir; but I don't quite recall your face—

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Don't remember me?—Andrews, of Schenectady? No? What—why, I used to pass all my vacations in Skeneateles—why, you remember me!

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Well, now, come to think, I do seem to recall you.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Why, of course. Don't you remember how I used to go down and see you at your place—lemme see—was it your house stood just below the bridge?

—yes? Why, of course—course! Come down to see the town?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Well, yes, I thought I'd kinder take a look 'round. I'm sorter interested in building, and I want to see what you York fellows have been doing lately.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—If you'll wait till I do a little business—come with me, can't you?—I'll show you around with pleasure.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Certainly, thank you. I believe you have some very large apartment buildings in New York—very high.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—We do have some tall flats.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—How tall?

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Oh, eight or nine stories.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—How high is that?

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—About a hundred feet.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Those are very tall buildings.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Yes.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—If one of them were to fall on you, do you think you would tumble?

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—I'm afraid I've made a mistake—

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Shouldn't wonder if you had. Here's my card—

Geo. W. Walling,

Supt. Police.

300 Mulberry St.



SPRING AND THE SMALL BOY.

And now that old Winter has passed away, and Spring, gentle Spring, has come like a beautiful vision, and awakened a tender song in the poet's heart, and a feeling of unrest in the heart of the maddened editor who receives his "impressions," the small boy becomes active.

There is no ice for him to skate on; there is no snow for him to coast on, or to form into spheres to propel at the silken tile of the unsuspecting pedestrian. He is through popping corn, and sleeping in a cold room with a broken window. He is through carrying great armsful of wood into the house, and shoveling paths all around the farm.

For now Spring is here—sweet, gentle Spring, with its tremulous violets and its patient organ grinder. New life is impressed on every object, and the small boy feels it all in his heart; for every small boy is more or less a poet, and is fond of nature. He sees the wakeful robin in the hedge, and then goes and swaps his skates off for a trap-cage to catch him.

And he gets a trap-cage, too, if he has to sell some of his mother's stove-lids, that cannot be matched, to a junk-man to raise the money. And he looks with marked envy on his companion who knows how to make bird-lime. He would give anything to know how to make it himself, but his companion will not tell him. The recipe for making bird-lime is one of his most precious secrets, and when he makes any, he does it in the barn or some other out-of-the-way place, like a counterfeiter or an illicit distiller.

And as the Spring sets its mystic sign on wood and meadow, the small boy's heart leaps for joy, because a new vista of pleasure opens up before him. He can organize a base-ball club for the coming Summer, and make a water-wheel which will enable him to get his feet wet and soil his clothes, and follow circus processions around, and steal under circus tents.

And then he can go off in the woods and dig sassafras, and he can win all his companions' marbles, and play hookey. There is no other time of the year at which hookey has such subtle attractions as at the Spring, for everything is balmy and musical and suggestive of vacation and innocent idleness: and that is the reason the boy plays hookey, and remains hidden in the woods all day, and tells the teacher on the following morning that he had to stay home to help white-wash the fence and have his picture taken.

But there are other things that happen at the lovely season when the snow-bird is supplanted by the oriole that do not fill the small boy's soul with happy dreams and tender melodies. In the first place, it is the time when his mother cuts down some of his father's cast-off clothes to fit him, and that makes him sad.

Never again in life will he feel so mean as at the moment he steps before his companions in a pair of trousers and jacket made of his father's drab vest, assisted by portions of a sack-coat of a different tint. If the pieces were red or purple, the boy would look as though he belonged to a fourteenth century church window. How cautiously he treads, with beating heart and aching soul, to where his companions are playing marbles; and how they stop the game at the most exciting part, and hurl at him great volleys of adverse criticism! And then they feel his clothes, as a boarding-house keeper feels meat in the market, and they can't think of a kind thing to say; and he feels too mean for expression until the boys get used to his clothes, or some other companion comes out similarly attired.

And then he has to have his hair cut by his mother, and gets pretty near as much hair in his mouth and eyes as he does down his neck. And he never does know how his hair appears

until the sun strikes it as he looks in a brook. Great lines of light run across it. This is because no two hairs on his head are the same length. You could grate horse-radish or sharpen your skates on it, and he keeps his cap on as much as possible. But, in spite of his precautions, another boy will rudely pull it off and run, while the others yell with fiendish delight.

And then the Spring medicine—the awful Spring medicine—that he forgets to take as often as possible. The unpalatable picra, or the obnoxious sulphur and molasses that rest in a tumbler on the mantel-piece, and has an old school-reader on top of it to keep the dust out, and an old spoon on top of the reader, so sticky with molasses that you could catch birds on it. But after he has taken it, and made faces that would bring an actor a fortune if he could make them, the small boy goes happily down the road, whistling, with his hair—if his mother hasn't cut it—growing through the top of his hat. He says he is going to the village on an errand; but you can tell by the delight on the countenance of his dog that he is going off to the woods to have a swim, instead of staying home to help beat the carpet.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ADAM INVOLVED the whole human race in his fall; but he never wore a white satin cravat with full-dress.

THE CARRIAGE came down the street flying, and the young couple going up-town were afraid to cross for fear of being run over.

"It is always best to be on the safe side," he said.

"Yes, I think so, too," she replied, as she clung fondly to his arm.

So they stood at the curb-stone, and the carriage paused in its mad speed, turned around, and stopped in front of a store about three doors from the corner.

A CHROMATIC CONVERSAZIONE.

RED.

Lately, the different newspapers throughout the State have been making great ado because a Perry man skipped swiftly into the variegated fortunes of a cold world, with a red-headed woman on his arm. Just as if a lady, whose hair is a reflection of the blush which Apollo's evening kiss brings to the Western sky, couldn't make an elopement as infinitely enjoyable as the girl of a different colored head! What would these insatiate journalists have—a clean shirt? Cannot a fellow be a shade original in his slope-act without being commented upon by a lot of envious men, who, themselves, would like nothing better than a bit of romance in which should centre a sweet creature whose head is one great golden glory, like the spilled contents of a molasses-jug! What would they have? Do they want a man to gently drift with a bald-headed woman? Do they wish a fellow to run away with a locomotive head-light? It seems like they were n't satisfied. Do they desire one to sweetly meander toward a foreign city with a five-pound can of Trieste vermilion under his arm? That these editors desire a gentleman to take the early train for Salt Lake City with about three damsels of blushful bangs, seems to be a fourgone conclusion.

PINK.

Pinkest of pinks, oh, pink of bright perfection!
How lavish of your head gymnastics you are
When Jenny passes, or when Maud's direction
Leads her to tread the street in which you
too are.

Peachblow, ah, could I bow with your fair graces;
 Could I as pinken make the rôle of masher;
 By all the tender paths where Cupid races,
 I'd come out as a regular heart-smasher!

EDWARD WICK.

PUCK'S INVITATION TO THE CZAR.



* LET HIM COME OVER HERE AND BE CROWNED, NEXT MAY, AT NOS. 21, 23 & 25 WARREN STREET, IN SAFETY AND COMFORT.

MARCH SAMPLES FROM "PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1883."

HUMOR FOR MARCH.

Carefully Compiled From the Works of the Best Acknowledged American Humorists.

CHICKENS.—March is the month that produces the best, that is, the toughest, chickens, because of its raw, bracing air. It's a peculiarity of March that "broiled spring-chickens" in a Sixth Avenue restaurant are never thoroughly cooked. This is the reason that the spring-chicken is always so tough that you cannot eat it, or cut it with anything but a two-handed sword. March is the great month of game birds. So is October, with its quail on toast.

HATS.—St. Patrick was born in March. He is believed to be the originator of the silk hat that is always worn in his honor.

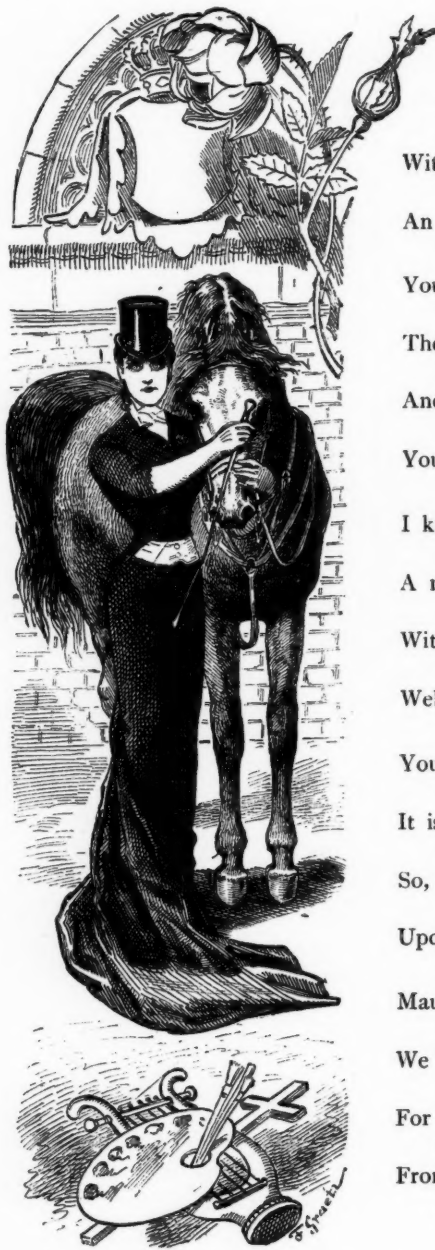
LOCKSLEY HALL.—Now do the young versifiers send in parodies on that beautiful portion of Tennyson's poem beginning with the words: "In the spring."

The parodies generally go like this:

In the spring across the clover flits the butterfly and bee;
In the spring the gentle maiden dreams of Newport by the sea.
In the spring the gentle primrose blows serenely on the hills;
In the spring we read on fences: "Use McGowan's Bilious Pills."
In the spring the happy robin in the willow sweetly toots;
In the spring the Billy's fancy turns to thoughts of rubber boots.

SPRING POETS.—This month the spring poet asserts himself, and sends his productions to the editor, who sells them for old paper and kicks the poet downstairs after ruining his clothes on the floor. See "Beautiful Snow" poets.

WIND.—Hurricane humor is in order this month. Wind blows snow and ice off the housetops on pedestrians' heads; it also takes off their hats, and blows them (the hats, not the pedestrians,) out in the street among wagons and horses, and the man with the new tile feels very nervous. The wind also freezes a man's ears, and, when he endeavors to thaw his auriculars out by holding them, his hands are suddenly frozen purple. When March comes in like a lion it goes out like a lamb. This is the origin of spring-lamb.



MAR.

You speak of "nasty" weather,
And of a "fetching" play;
And when we are together
"We're horrid spoons," you say.
With you all things are "jolly,"
Save what are "beastly bad;"
An ordinary folly
You call "a queerish fad."
You say you do not "paowdah;"
You call a vase a "vahze"—
Though I don't say "clam chaowdah,"
Nor hint you're "off your bahze."
And—draw discretion's curtain—
Sing low, sing low, my lute!—
Your aspirate's uncertain
When following a mute.
I know your one objection
To me is that I'm not
A native of a section
Where men say "wich" and "wot."
With smiles your cheeks would dimple
Wore I a coronet—
Well, I've a scheme quite simple
To manage matters yet.
You hold in deep derision
Your own, your native land;
It is your dream Elysian
To own a castle grand.
So, anglophilist Mascotte,
I'll bet a thousand pounds
Upon your tip at Ascott,
And then we'll "ride to hounds."
Maud Edith, sweet and slender!
Let me be English, too!
We'll fly where skies are tender—
Occasionally blue.
For here who goes out riding
May strike the light catarrh
From wintry winds still chiding
A wintry world—it's Mar.

V. H. D., P. P.

At the Baptist ministers' meeting, yesterday, the Rev. Harvey Wood, of England, who has just returned from Leadville after resigning the pastorate of the Leadville Baptist Church, said:

"When you ask me to speak about Leadville you give me a big text. Briefly, my experience as a pastor was this: When I was invited to accept the pastorate in Leadville, I was informed by letters that there were 130 members in the church, that the church building would seat 500 persons, and that a parsonage was ready for me. The facts were, as I found out when I got there, that the church seated 140 persons, that there were 49 church members, and that the parsonage had been sold and the church society was \$900 in debt. As to the standard of Christianity in Leadville, it is not exalted. For instance, next to the church building was a blacksmith shop, and on Sundays the blacksmith was always busy. As I did not believe that pounding and expounding go together on Sunday, I went out just before the sermon and asked the blacksmith to stop. The blacksmith told me to go to a place considerably warmer than Florida, and added that he was working for a member of my church. And sure enough, there stood the treasurer of the church having his horse shod.

"Gambling is licensed, and so is rum. Last year \$66,000 was paid for rum licenses, and \$10 a table in the gambling hells. I did my level best to get some of my people to go into some of these gambling places, but they were afraid, for murder is an every-day affair. I went into many places, and I think Leadville is the wickedest town on earth."—*New York Sun, Feb. 27th.*

"BETTER is a dry morsel and quietness therewith" than a banquet washed down with Jersey lightning. "A wise servant shall rule over a son," but a servant doing housework shall boss the whole family. "Excellent speech becometh not a fool," yet if he is rich his words are applauded all the same. "A fool hath no delight in understanding" the path to knowledge. "Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity" than the rich that rideth a foolish hobby. "Rob not the poor because he is poor," but slam society's door in his face, because he hath no money. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," neither be ashamed of what you left undone yesterday.—*Whitehall Times.*

NEARLY sixty years ago a man escaped from the Connecticut State's-Prison, fled South, and afterward was elected to Congress. In recent years men have escaped from Congress, gone South, and afterward turned up as candidates for the penitentiary. Thus time brings its revenges.—*Boston Herald.*

"THEY are beginning to cut trousers somewhat wider in New York," says a fashion-paper. In that case, we suppose it will soon be no longer necessary for young men to grease their legs in the morning before dressing.—*Ex.*

EX-PRESIDENT Boice, the Jersey City bank-buster, will be compelled to iron shirts in the laundry of the New Jersey State's-Prison. His former associates can now ironically speak of him as their "bosom-friend."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

CASTORIA.
It is a fact there is no "may be,"
Mothers' milk can't save the baby,
While CASTORIA digests their food,
Cures all their pains and makes them good.
CASTORIA has it from East to West,
For children thrive and mothers rest.

New remedies and old ones under new names are being constantly introduced to the public, but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup still takes the lead for the cure of Coughs, Colds etc. Price, 25 cents.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES,
No. 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,

And the like troubles are frequently caused by bad water, or change from soft water to the lime-stone water, and every one knows the terrible effects of the water in the alkali regions in the West. MANY LIVES HAVE BEEN SAVED by the use of

FRED'K BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

Every Miner or Traveler in the Mining Districts should be supplied with Brown's GINGER. ASK FOR FREDERICK BROWN'S, Philadelphia, the ORIGINAL, Old-Fashioned Ginger. TAKE NO OTHER.

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Descriptive Circulars, containing samples and directions for self-measurements, mailed free.
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Samples, with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT, with Fashion Book, sent free by mail everywhere. Branch stores in all principal cities.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address
STURSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

FREE.

A dove lay caught in a fowler's snare;
By cruel cords her wings were pressed,
Ruffled was all her plumage fair,
And her heart beat fast in her panting breast.

But the fowler loosened each cord and twist,
He smoothed her ruffled plumes, and then
Her snowy bosom he gently kissed
And bade her seek the skies again.

And the fowler sighed; for, safe and fair
In summer skies, he knew that she
Would think of the cord and the cruel snare,
But not of the hand that set her free.

—Waller Learned, in *Century*.

ALL sorts of gastronomic feats are reported. Eating a salt mackerel a day for three weeks, or three boarding-house spring-chickens a week for six months, or a brace of quail a day for thirty days, may be considered difficult feats in our day, but look at the achievements of the ancients in this line! There was Polyphemus, for instance, who had a single eye to epicurean feats. When Ulysses and his companions were thrown into the country of the Cyclops, they sought shelter in Polyphemus's cave, and that gentleman ate two of the Greek intruders, bones and all, for his supper, without calling for a bottle of pepsine or any other aid to digestion. Polyphemus ate a brace of Greeks daily for several days, and odds were wagered that he would keep it up for thirty days; but his supply ran out—and escaped, with Ulysses at their head. That's the kind of a quail-eater the one-eyed Polyphemus was!—*Norristown Herald*.

A NEW kind of beer has recently been introduced into the Austin saloons. A few days ago, the agent for the new beer went to an Austin saloon-keeper and asked him:

"How do you like our new beer?"

"First-rate. I like it better than any beer I have ever sold."

"I am glad to hear it. Don't you want to increase your order?"

"Oh, no," was the saloon-keeper's response: "you see, the customer who orders a glass of it just tastes it, and then goes away and leaves it. As soon as he has left, I pour it back into the barrel, and it does for the next customer. There is more money in your beer than in any other beer in the market. I can sell the same glass of beer ten or fifteen times a day, but, of course, not to the same man."—*Texas Siftings*.

THE Toledo *Blade* believes that women could manage a hotel elevator better than most of the men or boys usually employed. It may appear ungallant to dispute this, but if a woman should be in charge of an elevator and a lady should enter with a new style of hat, a male passenger would run the risk of being hoisted several stories higher than his intended landing-place before he could attract the attention of the operator.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

BAD VENTILATION.

The bad air of workshops, court rooms, churches and places of amusement, poisons the blood no less than if the same poison were taken into the system by eating or drinking it. To expel this poison, with certainty and celerity, Hop Bitters should be taken.

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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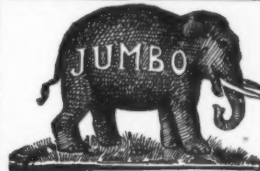


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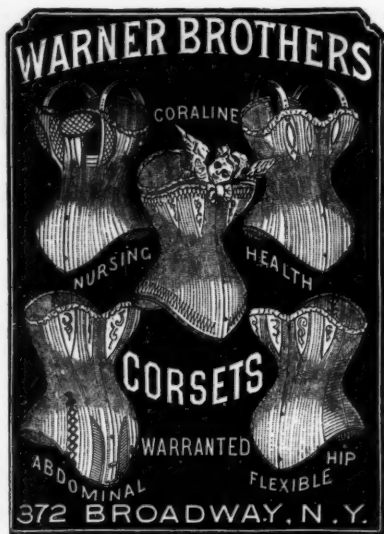
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Opposite the Academy of Music.

CONCERT EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

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Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

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There is no one article known that will do so many kinds of work in and about the house and do it so well as



(Each cake is wrapped in Tin Foil, and surrounded with Ultramarine Blue Band, and bears the above device.) Always note this. A Cake of Sapolio, a Bowl of Water and a Brush, Cloth or Sponge, will make

HOUSE CLEANING an easy and quick job—
WILL CLEAN PAINT and all painted surfaces—
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WILL CLEAN BATH TUBS, Wash Basins, &c.—
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WILL CLEAN KITCHEN UTENSILS, of all kinds—
WILL CLEAN WINDOWS without splashing of water—
WILL POLISH TIN, Brass and Copperwares—
WILL POLISH KNIVES, as you wash them—
WILL POLISH all Metal Surfaces and
WILL CLEAN all Household Articles—AND IS
BETTER AND CHEAPER than Soap,
 Emery, Rotten Stone, Etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address

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The largest assortment in the World from the smallest to the largest size in Solid Gold, Silver, and Nickel Cases, from \$6 to \$150—all reliable and each fully warranted. Chains, Rings, Lace Pins, Earrings, Bangle Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Studs, etc., at prices in reach of all. Also, bargains in Diamonds.

An article of Jewelry is the most suitable gift for a lady or gentleman, and this is the best place to buy it.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Price list free. **363 Canal Street, New York.**

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to **H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.**

AT HER WINDOW.

Beating Heart! we come again
 Where my Love reposes,
 This is Mabel's window-pane;
 These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nestled? Does she kneel
 In the twilight stilly,
 Liffy-clad from throat to heel,
 She, my Virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
 Fading, will forsake her;
 Elves of light, on beamy bars,
 Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
 At the flowery grating;
 If she hear me, will she heed?
 Mabel, I am waiting.

Mabel will be decked anon,
 Zoned in bride's apparel;
 Happy zone! oh, hark to yon
 Passion-shaken carol.

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
 Pipe thy best, thy clearest;
 Hush! her lattice moves, oh, hush!
 Dearest Mabel!—dearest.

—Frederick Locker.

THAT preachers pun in the pulpit occasionally is shown in the sermon delivered by Dr. Talmage, in Brooklyn, yesterday. He said: "The mountain brook is always current." Speaking of the dishonesty of the farmer's wagon, he remarked that there was not "an honest spoke from tongue to tail-board." And his many other eccentric expressions indicate that he can hold his own with almost any end-man in a first-class minstrel troupe.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE most conscientious individual on record is the man who, when drawn as a juror in a breach-of-promise case, tried to excuse himself on the ground that he was married and had a mother-in-law, and therefore was disposed to consider every man wise who refused to marry. The judge informed him that he was also in the same condition, but that they both would have to repress their true feelings.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald.*

ONLY two days ago our barber solemnly assured us that he thought a great deal of Rev. Joseph Cook, and loved to converse with him, as he could understand him. Then we got out of the chair and said:

"This thing is all wrong. If you can understand Joseph Cook, it's not for you to shave us. Get up in the chair and we will shave you."—*Boston Post.*

W. W. DODGE and B. W. Shepperd, the latter being an Austin stockman, were examining a large donkey belonging to Dodge, who thought he was a very fine animal.

"Pshaw!" replied Shepperd, who weighs two hundred pounds: "if you want to see big jacks, you should go to Kentucky, where they raise them. That's where I came from."—*Texas Siftings.*

"The best advice may come too late," said a sufferer from kidney troubles, when asked to try Kidney-Wort. "I'll try it, but it will be my last dose." The man got well and is now recommending the remedy to all.

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To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear.

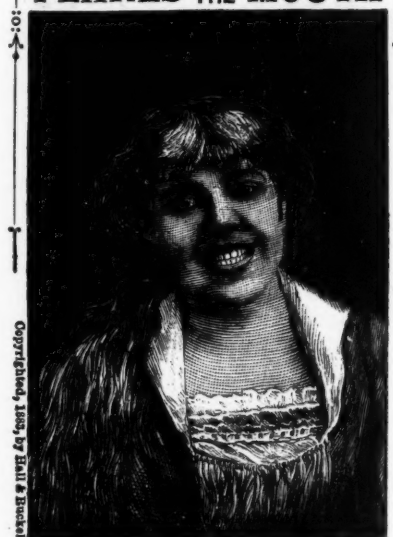
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BEAUTY & FRAGRANCE

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

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which renders the teeth white, the gums rosy and the breath sweet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth and prevents decay.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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A Leading London Physician establishes an office in New York for the cure of **EPILEPTIC FITS.**

From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express, and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address

Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 94 John St., New York.

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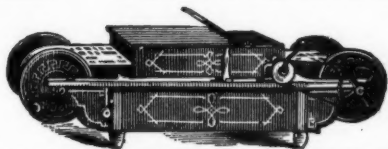
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By GEO. W. PECK, of "Peck's Sun." 20 Illustrations. Now ready at all Bookellers and News Dealers and on trains. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts. Also, by the same author and same price, "Peck's Fun" and "Peck's Sunshine."

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BARTENDER'S MANUAL,

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How to Mix Drinks of the Present Style.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address DRT. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

RECREATIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

It is singular that the dead poets never write across Styx.—*Virgil*, 80 B. C.

THOUGHTS THAT BURN—Rejected Communications.—*John Rogers*, 1540 A. D.

No INTELLIGENT lawyer will ever take the will for the deed.—*Lycurgus*, 900 B. C.

FAT Esquimaux babies, when they die, are tried out by their afflicted parents for lamp-oil. Thus ever is human misery made light of.—*Reykjavik Smjith*, 1045 B. C.

ROUGH ON STOCKINGS.—Passing citizen to his fellow: "Boots blacked inside." Well, now! There's no satisfying these fashionable chaps, is there?—*Balbriggan O'Brien*, 1732 A. D.

CUSTOMER—"Have you any first-class musical instruments?"

Shop-keeper—"Yes, sir; best stock in town, sir; can't be beat."

Customer (turning to go out)—"Can't be beat, eh? Sorry; wanted a drum."—*Hannibal*, 230 B. C.

THEY have been acting, at one of the German theatres in New York, a pair of plays setting forth the awful effects of an indulgence in fluid crockery. At least, we infer this to be the subject of the plays, judging only from the titles. One is called "Wallenstein's Lager," and is probably directed at light drinkers; while the other, "Wallenstein's Tod," is aimed at the regular out-and-out tod-takers.—*Hans Sachs*, 1498 A. D.

MRS. E. A. JEWITT, of Georgetown, who celebrated her ninetieth birthday recently, went out, last week, on the ice and coasted down a steep hill several times on a double-runner. But you can't make us believe the boys enjoyed walking up the hill with her as much as they did seventy-four years ago.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE eagle feels best soaring hundreds of feet above the earth, but the minute you put a man on a platform ten inches high his knees weaken, his face looks like the shell of a boiled crab, and he can't remember a word beyond "fellow-citizens."—*Phila. Bulletin*.

THE editor of the Chinese newspaper in New York can have more fun than any other journalist in America. He can libel every well-known politician in the country, and it's twenty to one that the victim will never find it out.—*Philadelphia Kromble-Herald*.

A REMARKABLY honest Chicago doctor sent in a certificate of death, the other day, with his name signed in the space reserved for "Cause of death."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A BANK president left a Southern town, the other day, forever, without taking a cent of the bank's money with him. He died.—*The Drummer*.

A DETROIT barber has the lockjaw. None of his customers are willing that he should find the combination.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

THE poorest shows have the brightest play-bills, and the man with a paste-ring shows his hand the most.—*Wilmington Star*.

A GRINDING Monopoly—Natural Teeth.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

"Both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for "Guide to Health and Nerve Strain."

64 Elegant Songs, Words and Music, illustrated, sent post-paid for 25 cts. (stamps taken), by N. E. Music Co., 216 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

HIGH LIFE MARRIAGE. Cavalier nice spirited will marry very nice young girl, having great dowry. Likeness sent: "Mari" postcard, Budapest.

"THE LITTLE PINK SERIES." Fine new Set, 28 cards, by mail on receipt of six 3 cent stamps. WHITING, 50 Nassau Street, N. Y.



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BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS. An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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SHE HAS SO MANY CHILDREN, SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.